

Good 675 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your Letter said R.S.V.P.— Ron Richards Replies

LOOKING at the growing pile of letters on my desk, it makes me wonder why it is necessary to drip, almost daily, that you don't write to us. I think I have had at least one letter from every submarine—even the new ones. Thanks to all of you for writing—keep them coming. Of course, I know you will appreciate that it is more than a one man job, now, to cope with all your letters—the answers alone, apart from requests for gramophone needles, baby shoes, and gold braid, etc., for which we have to comb London, take quite a while. And so, if Shop-talker Derek Heberton replies sometimes, I hope you won't get the idea that your mail is not wanted. I assure you again, that your letters mean as much to us as we hope Good Morning means to you.

First letter this morning is from Leading Stoker Jim Hallwood and his oppo, Stoker Tom Martin, both of whom reside, at the pleasure of their Lordships of the Admiralty, in His Majesty's Submarine Clyde.

Before I enter into the subject of Yanks, let me tell you that I have taken the liberty of posting on to you the names and addresses of two Scottish lassies who would like to correspond with you. I have done that in order that you will see that not all the girls at home have gone overboard for the foreigners occupying the old country.

In this paper it would not do for me to pass any opinions about the behaviour of Allied troops, even if I wanted to. But I can assure you that your anxiety is quite without foundation. Sure, quite a lot of the girls fraternise with Yanks. Don't you keep the Roger flying when you call at Yankland and Kangerooland and certain Woglands? I have seen quite a number of crews go, chopper in hand, into the nearest town, ready for anyone. And good luck to them. I can see no reason why they shouldn't. But if you can do it, why can't your sisters? There will always be plenty of girls in the old country, and there are a very great number, in fact, a vast majority, who never go further than an evening at the cinema with the Yanks who may be stationed around. Some of them misbehave—it is a great temptation to a girl to go out with a good-looking young American when there are no English boys around—some of them marry Americans—after all they have feelings just like any other race, but on the whole you have no justification for feeling worried on account of the Yanks over here. The

YOU CAN BUILD YOUR OWN WORLD WITH RUBBISH

Says MARTIN THORNHILL

A WORTHING man has made a model of the Premier with 3,000 matches. He followed it with another of George Formby, his favourite comedian. A plumber of Chalfont St. Peter, collected empty match boxes for two years and constructed a model village with the proceeds—four million boxes, of which the "parish church" alone accounted for 10,000.

This is an age of miniatures, it began when old salts made marvellous models of ships and wormed them into bottles, and built wind-jammers for their youngsters to sail on the ponds.

With nothing more pretentious than rubbish, professional builders spend leisure hours constructing models of the more famous of Britain's castles. Sextons make midget churches from old tea chests.

Hitherto merely hobbies, spare-time enthusiasms often lead to the making of models for more practical purposes. Bekonscot Model Village at Beaconsfield (Bucks) has taken its place among the most interesting sights in the world. In a year anything between 50,000 and 100,000 people visit the village, and most of the gate money goes to charity.

But there is private money, too, to be made out of this models idea.

A Ripley music teacher has transformed his garden of nearly an acre into a model settlement—a Surrey rival to Bekonscot. Cottages, a farm and a working windmill provide the main parts of the village and rural atmosphere, while model electric passenger and goods trains wind their way over viaduct, through tunnel, embankments and cuttings from Lilliput Station, designed in the modern style.

A novel urban touch has been added by a scale model of Piccadilly Circus, with faithful reproductions of the surrounding buildings and the familiar octagonal centre-piece surmounted by the statue of Eros.

At the New York World Fair feats were achieved which would otherwise have been impossible. The British Merchant Navy was represented by no less than 9,000 midget vessels and there was a large replica of our monster trans-Atlantic liner, the "Queen Elizabeth."

Models are becoming a power in advertising, which it is difficult to ignore.



The Canadian Northern Railway advertises its services with a 275 lb., 8½ ft locomotive which took its designer nearly 18 months of his spare time to build.

The famous Aztec cliff dwell-

ings which attract visitors in millions from all over the world, are advertised by a giant miniature reproduction of the original, correct in every detail, with figures to scale of the ancient race that inhabited these cliff-face abodes.

hops and barley are most suitable for different beers.

There is a miniature dairy plant, too, which houses experiments in pasteurisation, homogenisation and condensing, as well as comparative methods of cheese-making under varying conditions of temperature and atmosphere.

Models in toys are a product of a past generation, but today's types shove yesterday's right in the shade with remote-control cars, and what not.

Handicrafts at school are nowadays much more than a lesson in simple model-making. Pupils of a Crayford (Kent) school, for instance, have built a model house, correct, inside and out, to the smallest item. The bricks are miniatures too—22,000 in all.

Puppets are proving a new force in modern methods of education. Installed in many higher grade schools, they have a definite psychological function in treating self-consciousness and inferiority complex.

Children so afflicted are chosen to operate the dolls, and by thus giving expression to their own abilities, from behind the scenes they gradually build up a self-esteem which enables them eventually to face both comrades and strangers with new-found confidence and poise.

Models are now recognised as an ideal form in which to put over a charitable appeal. Some of the cleverest schemes are those which are often seen at Charing Cross Underground Station.

One of the best was the Model Hospital. It was, in fact, an architectural triumph, constructed in perfect proportion, and incorporating every feature of modern hospital design and equipment.

French commercial photographers stole a march on competitors by concealing in walking-stick handles midget cameras. Crystal radio sets in match-boxes were once accounted a marvel. But this achievement has been far surpassed by some remarkably efficient midget radio receivers doing duty to-day.

Glance through the paper in normal days, and at every point fresh evidence strikes you of this new era in miniatures that is spreading its spell over industry.

Even human beings themselves are the subjects of midget mania; a year or so ago a May Day festival was staged with a "pocket May Queen."



"Anybody got a bit of newspaper? 'E's let the ruddy fire out!"

A "SPEED" RECORD WANTED for Sto. Reg. Jenkins

SO "Pony Express" is your favourite tune, Sto. (1st Class) Reg. Jenkins? Well, that seems appropriate, anyway.

When we called on your mother at 4, Gladstone Place, West End Lane, High Barnet, she mentioned that everyone calls you "Speed," so it's only right that the tune you like best should be in keeping.

Both your mother and Joyce have searched everywhere in Barnet for a record of it, but have been unsuccessful. They suggest you hurry home and have a look around yourself. Meantime, they are wondering if you've built any more gramophones out of odd pieces of machinery!

Joyce was at work when we called, but she had got ready a

big parcel of film books ready to pack up and send off to you that evening, and asked mum to tell us that she wishes you all the best, and hopes you'll be home again soon.

While your mother got on with her ironing, she told us about the holiday she and Joyce hope to have this year. Your sister is economising on those visits to the Barnet Cinema and the Odeon, and saving hard.

They are not quite sure yet about where to go, but there seems a distinct possibility of their visiting your mother's friend, Elsie, at Clacton-on-Sea. Maybe you'll be back before then, and will be able to decide for them.

Till then, all the best of luck comes to you from mum and Joyce, together with the universal wish for your speedy return home.



We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE SKIPPER SOLD HIS CARGO

Concluding "THE ROCK SCORPIONS"

"WHY not run it to Holland?" asked Jack.

"Can't be done; where's our bill of lading?" replied the skipper.

"Make up one yourself; you have plenty of forms."

"And suppose the luck goes the wrong way. What's to happen to me—and to you, too, for that matter?"

"Run to a tobacco port and warehouse the stuff in your own name."

"We're not bound for a tobacco port. What's to be done about the cargo of ore that we are carrying? No, John, the whole five thousand pounds must go over the side."

Next morning broke joyously. The sea looked merry with miles of brisk foam, and the little Portuguese schooners flew like butterflies hither and thither. Every cloud of spray plucked from the dancing crests flashed under the clear sun.

It was one of the mornings when one cannot speak for gladness. But Hindhaugh's thoughts were fixed on material things. The rich bales lay there, and their presence affected him like a sarcasm. The men were called aft, and the shovels used for trimming grain were brought up.

Then the captain said, "Now each of you take a pound or two of this tobacco, and then break the bales and shovel the rest overboard." The precious packages were burst, and the sight of the beautiful leaf, the richness of the tender aroma, affected the sailors with remorse. It was like offering up a sacrifice.

But the captain's orders were definite; so until near noon the shovels were plied smartly, and one hundred-weight after another of admirable tobacco drifted away on the careless sea.

Hindhaugh watched grimly

until at last his emotions overcame him. He growled, "Confound it, I can't do it! Belay there, men; I'll have another think over this job."

And think he did, with businesslike solemnity, a day long. He saw that he might make a small fortune by risking his liberty, and the curious morality of the British sailor prevented him from seeing shades of right or wrong where contraband business was concerned.

Had you told him that the tobacco was stolen, he would have pitched you overboard; he felt his morality to be unimpeachable; it was only the question of expediency that troubled him. For three days it was almost unsafe to go near him, so intently did he ponder and plan.

On the fifth day he had worked his way through his perplexities and was ready with a plan.

A pilot cutter came in sight, and Hindhaugh signalled her. The pilot's boat was rowed alongside, and the bronzed and dignified chief swaggered up to the captain with much cordiality.

No one is so cordial as a pilot who has secured a good ship. The two men exchanged news, and gradually slid into desultory talk. Suddenly Hindhaugh said, "Are you game for a bit of work? Do you ever do anything?"

The pilot was virtuously agitated. He drew himself up, and, taking care that the mate should hear, answered, "Me! Not for the wurld, Cap'n. I've got a wife and children, sir."

"All right, Pilot, never mind; come down and have some tea."

Then Hindhaugh gradually drew his man out, until the pilot was absolutely confidential. The captain knew by the very excess of purity expressed in the pilot's first answer that he was not dealing with a simpleton; but he carefully kept away from the main subject which was in his (and the pilot's) mind.

At last the man leaned over and gave a masonic sign. "What was the job you was speaking about, Cap'n? We're near home now, you know. Better not go too near."

Hindhaugh played a large card. He smiled carelessly. "Fact is, I've just told the fellows to shy the stuff overboard; I shall risk no more."

"Mercy me, Cap'n. You're mad. How did I know who you were? I see all about it now, but I did not know what game you might have on with me. I'm in it, you know. If the dimes is right!"

"How?"

"Why, if the job's big enough. You stand off for a day; go down to the Sleeve and hang round, and I'll find you a customer."

"If you do, I pay you three hundred pound as soon as his money's down."

"Done, then. My boat's not gone far. Whistle her, and I'll go slap for Bristol. Never you mind for a day or two. How's your coals?"

"They're all right. You scoot now, and fetch your man over this way. I'll go half-speed to the southwest for twelve hours, another twelve hours half-speed back. You'll find us."

In thirty-six hours the pilot cutter came back, and a Hebrew gentleman boarded the "Jenny Jones" from her.

After a long inspection the visitor said, "Now, look here, I must have a hundred per cent. margin out of this. What's your figure?"

"Two thousand five hundred."

"Won't do. Say two thousand, and you pay the jackal out of that."

"Done. And how do you manage?"

"I'll split the lot up among three trawlers. You wait off, and give the jackal an extra fifty for bringing the boats down. I risk the rest."

Another night passed, and the dawn was breaking coldly

when the dirty sails of the trawlers came in sight. Ship after ship had hailed Hindhaugh and offered to tow him if anything had happened to his engines.

He knew he would be reported as lying off apparently disabled, and he was in a feverish state of excitement.

The Hebrew speculator watched the last bale down the (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A wyvern is a kind of fountain pen, fabulous monster, country estate, mountain torrent?

2. What does a cubic foot of water weigh?

3. Which is heavier, tin or zinc?

4. Rubens the painter was

Italian, French, Flemish, or Dutch?

5. In what country is the rapen a coin?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? August, October, March, June, July, May.

Answers to Quiz in No. 674

1. Unit of energy.

2. Nine.

3. Gold.

4. India.

5. Puffball.

6. 24 is not in the 9-times

It Makes You Wonder

WHAT is the most popular place for visitors to London? Not the Tower, nor Hyde Park, not Buckingham Palace, not the many museums—but Westminster Abbey.

Everybody goes to Westminster Abbey ultimately. It is there that the King distributes Maundy money; it is there the nation's heroes have been commemorated. But visitors seldom get far behind the scenes.

The Abbey is crowded with tombs and monuments to Britain's kings, queens, lords and ladies, statesmen, musicians, engineers, bards and writers. There is the famous Poets' Corner in the south transept.

But very few have been able to see, let alone study, the marvellous picture in mosaic of the Last Supper which enriches the high altar. It is one of the wonders of art and craft.

Venetian glass, wrought into a composition in mosaic glows among the surrounding carvings like a jewel in a richly chased ornament. It took years to complete. There is nothing like it anywhere else.

Artists come from all over the world to look at this piece of workmanship which has no equal.

It has been said that the most magnificent part of the Abbey is the stone-carved and wood Henry VII's chapel. Its doors are of bronze-plated oak. It has sculptured saints all round. Its ceiling is fan-tracery.

The carved oak choir stalls are assigned to the Knights of the Bath. Above each stall hangs the sword, the helmet, and the banner of the knight.

It is impossible to do more than mention even a very little part of this nation's Valhalla. But a word must be said about the Coronation Chair.

It is a plain piece of furniture. Underneath it is the famous Stone brought from Scotland when the two countries were at war. The history of the stone is obscure. It has been said that it was Jacob's pillow in Biblical days. It has been said that St. Columba brought it from Ireland when he crossed to Christianise Scotland.

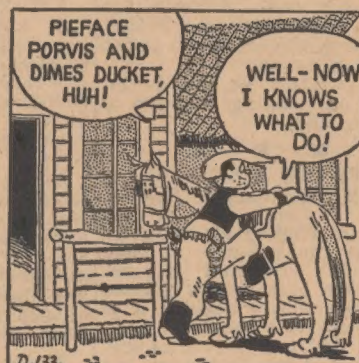
It was the seat on which the Scottish kings sat and viewed battles.

The holes are still there by which it was carried on poles from place to place, until it rested at Scone whereon Scottish kings were seated to be crowned.

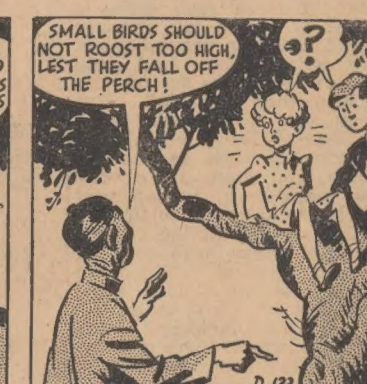
Some years ago there was a plot to raid the Abbey and carry the Stone back to Scotland. But the authorities got wind of the plot, and it was frustrated. The public never knew about that plot or its ending.

The Stone is one of the most ancient things in the Abbey.

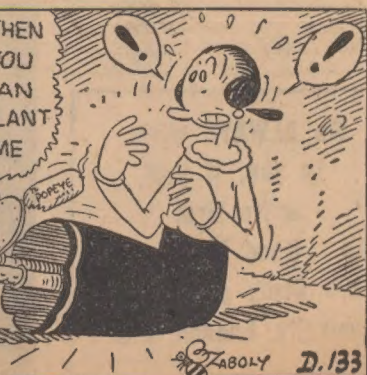
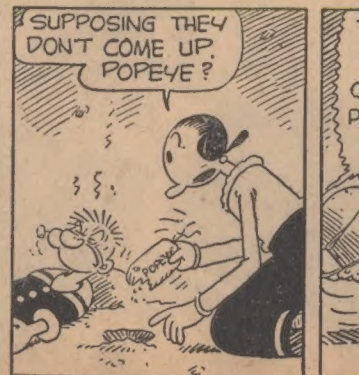
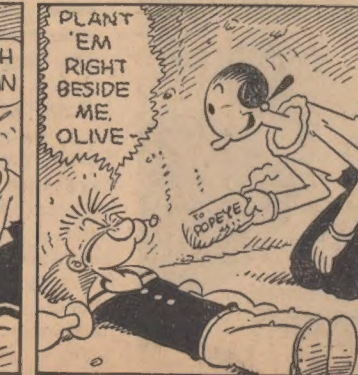
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 614

- 1. Behead a word of indebtedness and get a length.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make a sentence of: icemaersdootedlearig.
- 3. What common word has ADF for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The workmen began to — about the size of the — required to drill the hole.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 613

- 1. P-lease.
- 2. Many men mutter and murmur and make mistakes.
- 3. WaRDRObe.
- 4. Tears, rates.

JANE

THE ROCK SCORPIONS

(Continued from Page 2)

side, and then handed over the money, had a glass of brandy with the pilot, and departed—whither Hindhaugh neither knew nor cared. The "Jenny Jones" ran for her port.

She had just slowed down, and the great waves of smoke from the town were pouring over her, when two large boats, heavily laden with men, came off to her. The men swarmed up the side, and the officer in command shouted, "Bring up the pickaxes and go to work!"

The hatches were pulled off before the steamer had taken up her moorings, and the men went violently to work among the ore. Hindhaugh looked innocent and inquired, "What's all this about, officer?"

"Fact is, Captain, we've got a telegram from Gibraltar to say you have contraband on board. You may save

all trouble if you make a clean breast."

"Contraband! Who told you that?"

"Oh, we should have known without the wire. That gentleman on the quay there came overland, and he put us up to you."

Hindhaugh looked ashore and saw a dark face that he knew well. He whistled and smiled.

Then he said to the officer, "You may just as well stop those poor beggars from blistering their hands. You won't find anything here except what the men have in the forecastle. You're done this journey fairly. Come away down and liquor and I'll tell you all about it."

Then Hindhaugh gave an artistic account of the whole transaction, and put the matter in such a light that the custom-

house officer cordially congratulated him on having escaped without a slit waist-

The "Jenny Jones" went back to Gibraltar, and Captain Hindhaugh was very careful never to go ashore without a companion.

One day he was passing a chandler's shop when a sunken glitter of dark eyes met him. His old acquaintance, the chief Scorpion, was looking stiletos and poison at him.

But Hindhaugh went by in his big, burly way, and contented himself with setting on three watchmen every night during his stay. To this day he is pleased with himself for having given the foreigners a lesson in the elements of morality, and he does not fear their knives one whit.

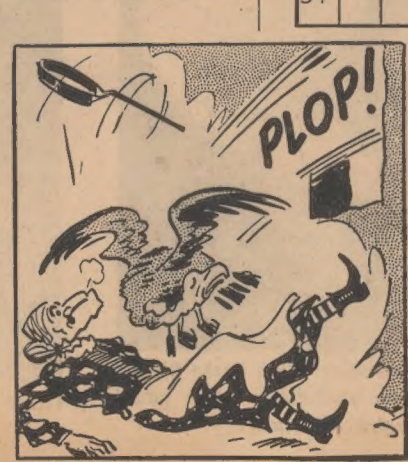
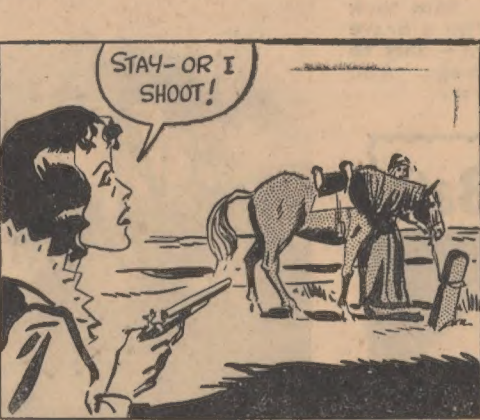
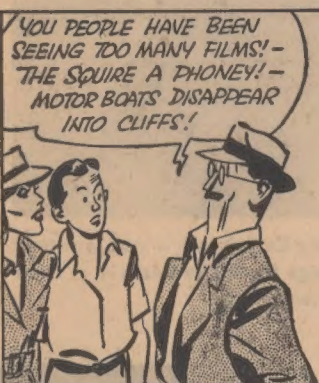
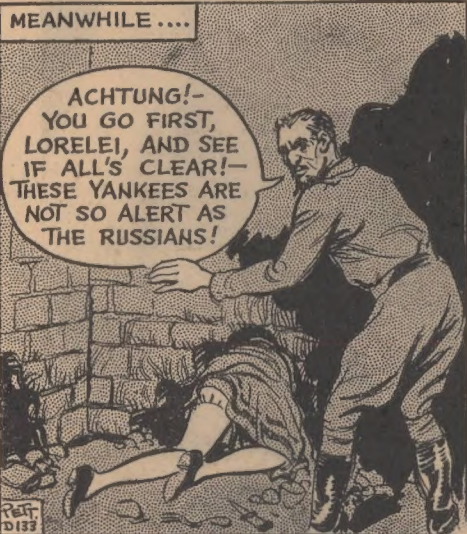
THE END



"I'm sorry, but you're not the kind of 'babes' I want, and they're not that kind of wood, either!"



RUGGLES



The Things People Do

MRS. REBECCA HAVERS, of West Ham (where she has lived practically all her life), had a big birthday party the other day. Twelve hundred guests sat down to afternoon tea in her honour. And it was a big birthday, too. Number 105.

Born at Tring, Herts, during the first Afghan War and in the year Queen Victoria got married, she has lived at Central Leytonstone for the past nine years, and it was her fellow-inhabitants who shared the birthday goodies including an iced cake.

THE man nothing can worry now is Mr. S. W. Smart, of the Southern Railway.

When you are sweating and cursing in a Bank Holiday train crowd on the way to the South Coast or back again, you can spare a thought for those hard-worked porters and ticket-collectors—but don't trouble about Mr. Smart.

He's the man who had to handle the south-bound troop traffic in the building-up for D-Day.

He had to deal with the masses of men who came back from Dunkirk. And, what was about as big a job, had to see that the multitude of evacuees got away all right from London in the blitz days.

It's forty years since he started work with the Southern as a lad of fifteen.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SLANG SCAMP
COLOUR OLIO
ABIDE KNOTS
REVERT CUTE
F E DELUDED
C BOXER N
BANANAS E G
OVER SIGNAL
LEGGY OUNCE
TARE ENSURE
STOEP STIES

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9					10		11
12				13	14		
	15				16		
17	18			19	20		
21			22			23	
		24					
25	26			27	28	29	
30			31				
32					33		
34				35			

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Resist. 5 Money. 9 Well-bred. 10 Valley. 12 Tip. 13 Admission. 15 Stanza. 16 French friend. 17 Roofed shelter. 19 Young animal. 21 Age. 22 Outer garment. 24 Vehicle. 25 Sharpen. 27 Boy's name. 30 Bad weather. 31 Word of honour. 32 Volcanic. 33 College tutor. 34 Tent-fixers. 35 Deviate.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Not dense. 2 Toy. 3 Number. 4 Diverse. 5 Ailment. 6 Bother. 7 Indian governors. 8 Bang. 11 Pick. 14 Meat. 18 Pledge. 20 Collier. 22 Young animal. 23 Tar. 24 Trunks. 25 Steamer. 26 Circle. 27 Instance. 28 Musical ending. 29 Hired out. 31 Dog's foot.

Good Morning



From deep in the heart of Texas, Ann Morriss rode her bronco to Hollywood. She pulled up outside the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios—a trifle sore, but full of hope. Sam took one look at her, and asked her to sit down. With a brave smile on her face, the plucky girl plumped down—only to rise again with a shriek. But that's all a long time ago. Ann has stuck it—and made good in a big way.

The Real Order of the Bath



Portrait of a Future Channel Swimmer. This little London evacuee strikes out strongly in her bath-tub. "See you in mid-Channel some day, Chucker."



Getting their yachts in trim for the big race. This picture was taken during a meeting of the Model Yacht Association at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.



This is one of the loveliest pictures we have ever seen! Canny Dubliners—not wanting to pay good money for their "Liffey Water"—drain the dregs from the barrels as they come from the Guinness Brewery.



These two "Duchesses of the Road" were snapped as they made their way through the lovely village of Up Cerne, in Dorset.